

The following was received some time since, but was overlooked in the hurry of business. We make this explanation to the writer, who may, perhaps, be at a loss to account for its non-appearance at an earlier day:

FOR THE INDIANA PALLADIUM.

The Battle of Bunker's Hill.

The sun had just shed its last rays on the lovely town of Boston, and night began to cast her sable mantle over the western hemisphere, when a detachment of one thousand of the sons of Columbia, marched to the summit of Breed's hill, and began to prepare for the work of death.

The balmy zephyrs gently glided by—the beautiful silvery summer clouds slowly coursed athwart the heavens, and all nature seemed to inspire the heart with sentiments of love and good-will toward the whole human family. Under such feelings our little band of patriots began to form an entrenchment, with their hearts raised, in silent prayer, to the God of the universe. It was not the sudden burst of peevish resentment for supposed injuries. The colonies had long felt the iron yoke of oppression—they had long seen that Parliament were forging chains of bondage for them, and their children. But it was a well matured and settled determination, let what would come, to resist oppression, usurpation, and tyranny; yes, even to bonds, confiscation of property, imprisonment, and death. Forbearance was no longer a virtue. They had sent over petition after petition to Parliament, but all in vain. Instead of redress Lieut. Col. Smith and Major Pitcairn, at the head of 800 grenadiers, had wantonly killed eight of the Americans at Lexington. These iron sons of freedom, therefore, concluded it was high time to drive those tyrants out from amongst them, and rebuild their fallen temple of liberty, or offer up their heart's blood on the sacred altar of freedom. Their ancestors had fled from the mother country on the account of oppression, they had endured all manner of hardships in preparing a home for their posterity, in the western wilds; they had converted the wilderness into fertile fields—grappled with wild beasts—braved savage ferocity, and overcome every obstacle, and surmounted every difficulty, incident to settling a new country, rather than give up the liberty of conscience. Could the descendants of such men tamely submit to wear the chains of bondage, and bend the knee to tyranny? No! Not while they possess a single drop of the blood of their ancestors!

Their [the colonies] voice of complaint was not like the muttering thunder at a great distance, but like the tremendous peal just before the tornado that upturns every thing in its course.

The Americans having come to the determination to drive usurpation and despotism from this goodly land, they seized the torch of battle in one hand, and flag of liberty in the other, and rushed to the onset. The night preceding the memorable 17th of June, the above mentioned detachment "threw up a redoubt eight rods square, and four feet high." As soon as day dawned, Gen. Gage commenced a heavy cannonade upon the redoubt, from ships, floating batteries, and a fortification on Copp's hill. Our little band of worthies still continued their work, and still assailed heaven with their prayers.

"Holy beginning of a holy cause, When heroes, girt for freedom's combat, pause Before high heaven, and humble in their might, Call down its blessing on the awful fight."

Thus things continued until about the middle of the day, when Gen. Howe and Gen. Pigot led on the British army, with an intention to dislodge the American troops. Twice the British troops advanced, and twice were driven back with awful carnage. About this time Charlestown was wrapt in flames, by the orders of Gen. Gage. Now let us contemplate this band of Spartans, without discipline, unaccustomed to the horrors of war, and but a small quantity of ammunition on hand, contending with a well regulated and powerful British army, amidst the awful horrors of the day.

The tenebrous clouds rolled in awful majesty over the burning city.—The air resounded with the crash of falling buildings.—The deep-toned cannon bellowed loud and long, and the musket spit forth volleys, in sheets of fire; swords and cutlasses clashed, and the groans of the dying were heard in every direction. Still the sons of liberty maintained their post, amid all this, and only retreated when their ammunition failed, and not then till their antagonists felt the breach of their guns. It was a proud day to the Americans, if they did not gain a decided victory, they learned that the British troops were not invincible.

But alas! alas! brave Warren fell! He that had so fearlessly fought, and encouraged his countrymen to fight, while bullets and cannon balls were whistling over his head, was left cold and inanimate on the field of battle—yes, the body of the heroic Warren was left weltering in its gore, but his spirit took its everlasting flight, and winged its way to immortal bliss. But let me not forget the rest of these heroes, who offered up their lives, on Bunker's hill, for the rights of man. Ye immortal band, while your pure spirits are basking in seas of heavenly bliss, your countrymen often visit your urns, and bedew the sacred spot with grateful tears. You fell! but your fall made the temple of despotism tremble to its very centre! Your blood, offered up for the cause of liberty, roused the sons of Columbia to action. The remembrance of your glorious death, is like a voice from the dead crying, rouse! rouse ye sons of Columbia! in the might of freemen, and be free, independent, and happy!

Manchester, Sept. 13th, 1833.

Capt. James Riley, whose book is too well known not sufficiently to identify him, as the experienced navigator, favored us with a visit yesterday and exhibited to us a splendid Silk Shawl, made at Fez, the Capital of the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco.

The texture is very thick and firm, the colors which are of uncommon brilliancy, are crimson, purple, blue, and yellow; and at each end there are very broad borders of fine gold—the shawl containing of that article to the value of four doubloons. What renders this shawl remarkable is the beauty of its texture, but more than all, its splendid dyes. The Captain also introduced to our acquaintance two beautiful Camaleons, who changed their color into many varieties, during our interview; they are, indeed, regular turn coats, not remaining of one hue sufficiently long to identify themselves with any of the many colors emanating from the endless variety of combination to which the various modifications of light gives rise.

Some one present queries whether the Camaleon would not make a good politician, since having his identity at will, he could either adhere to his colors, or leave them, as it might best suit the variety of political faith which distinguishes the present period.

The shawl, Captain Riley informs us, is intended to be presented to the President of the United States. N. Y. Advocate.

THE VIRGIN WHIG.

An awkward affair which occurred to one of the Judges on the Western Circuit, at Taunton has recently been the subject of much mirth in the Temple Hall. It appears that the judge having finished his labours, had cast off his forensic wig at his lodging, and retired into the next room to wait for his brother judge, whom he was about to accompany to some of the local aristocracy to dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bed chamber by a side door, and, not knowing the judge was in the next room, in a frolic, arrayed herself in the Judge's wig. Just at this moment, when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking glass, the Judge unexpectedly entered the apartment, and poor Mopsy catching a sight of his stern countenance, looking just over her shoulder, in the glass, was so much alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen on the ground, if the learned Judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother Judge arrived, and opening his dressing-room door with a view to see if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. Not wishing to interrupt what he thought to be an amorous, he quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother Judge vociferated, "For God's sake, I—stop and hear the matter explained." "Never mind," said L., "my dear brother, the matter explains itself," and he left his learned brother to recover the fainting maid as he could. Lon. Age.

Two Churches struck by lightning.—During a thunder storm on Sunday afternoon last the Congregational Church in New Preston (Ct.) was struck by lightning while a large assembly was convened in it and in the act of public worship. In its descent by the lightning rod attached to the cupola of the building, a part of the stream of electric fluid was attracted by the stove pipe at the ridge of the house. The shock was so severe that many were thrown from their seats, and for a few moments the wildest confusion reigned, sighs, shrieks, and every demonstration of terror was manifested by those in the immediate vicinity of the angles of the stove pipes on both sides of the house. One person had the shoe thrown from the foot and the stocking considerably torn, and yet received no alarming injury. When the first burst of consternation had a little subsided, a young man who was seated in a slip, where stands a pillar for the support of the gallery, and to which an iron brace is attached to aid in the support of one of the stove pipes, was discovered leaning against the pillar, and the change which had taken place in the countenance during the lapse of from three to five minutes of suspended animation, drew from the observer the exclamation that Mr. Hatch was injured. This announcement was heard by the brother of the stricken man, a physician, who instantly flew to him, and with the assistance of such as had presence of mind sufficient for the emergency, had him conveyed to the air, and by the abundant application of cold water to the head, and breast, together with persevering frictions for the space of five or six minutes, signs of returning life began to appear. He was then removed into the open air and soon recovered. Let all who may see the history of this awful visitation recollect the means by which a fellow mortal was by the blessing of heaven resuscitated, and the life of an interesting member of community preserved. In this case all signs of life were actually suspended for at last 10 minutes, and probably 12 or 14.

During the same shower, which was exceedingly violent, the Meeting house at South Farms was also struck by lightning during divine service. It struck the rod attached to the cupola, run down to the earth and passed off without doing any other damage than breaking a few panes of glass near the belfry, and slightly stunning a few persons in the church. The lightning struck in several other places, and an ox was killed by the fluid in the west part of South Farms. Litchfield Enq.

FRANKLIN.—The New [London] Monthly Magazine contains some unpublished letters of Dr. Franklin. The following was written when he was a very young man:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9, 1746-7. "Dear sister: I am highly pleased with the account captain Freeman gives me of you. I always judged from your behaviour when a child, that you would make a good, agreeable woman, and you know you were ever my particular favorite. I have been thinking what would be a suitable present for me to make, and for you to receive, as I hear you are grown a celebrated beauty. I had almost determined on a tea-table; but when I consider the character of a good housewife was far preferable to that of only being a pretty gentlewoman, I concluded to send you a spinning-wheel, which I hope you will accept as a small token of my sincere love and affection. Sister, farewell, and remember that modesty as it makes the most homely virgin amiable and charming, so the want of it infallibly renders the most perfect beauty disagreeable and odious. But when that brightest of female virtues shines among other perfections of body and mind in the same person, it makes the woman more lovely than an angel. Excuse this freedom, and use the same with me. I am, dear Jenny, your loving brother. "B. FRANKLIN."

A "considerable" number of persons have been killed in duels, in the south, within a short time past. The present most fashionable mode is to die by a ball in the head. So fell Mr. Campbell, United States attorney for Florida—and others.

Dr. Franklin recommends to a young man in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

A merchant in Boston advertises for sale one Camel's Hair Shawl, the original cost of which in Calcutta was one thousand dollars.

Saturday Courier.

Ravages of the Cholera in the city of Mexico. We have been favored with the following extract of a letter from a resident at Mexico:

New York Courier.

City of Mexico, 24th Aug. 1833.

Business has never been so inactive as at the present moment, on account of the civil war which exists, as well as on account of the ravages made by the Cholera for fifteen days past. The poorer classes have been the principal sufferers.—Of these, about 7000 have died. Within the three last days, 600 or 1200 persons have fallen victims to the disease every day. Few of the better classes have hitherto been attacked, hardly twenty of them have fallen. It is hoped the disease is now at its height.

Murder.—The desperation evinced and murder committed on board the brig Texas, which arrived at this port yesterday, are, perhaps, unparalleled. The particulars have been collected from Capt. Howard, the commander of that vessel:—

It appears that the Texas sailed from hence on the 13th December last, under the command of Captain Ellory, with Mr. F. Babcock on board as supercargo, bound to the coast of Africa, on a trading voyage. On the 17th of March J. Walpole, of Philadelphia, the chief mate, was broke for disobedience of orders and superceded by the then second mate—now captain—Chas. Howard. Some time after the arrival of the vessel at the Cape, Capt. Ellory died of the Cape fever, and the command of the vessel was given by the Supercargo, Mr. Babcock, to Mr. Howard. On the 25th May, the Supercargo was also carried off by the fever. The next day Captain Howard and Mr. J. Smith, who had been appointed Mate, were on shore on business; during their absence Walpole who had sailed from hence as first officer and been broke, loaded no less than twenty pair of pistols with two balls each; the captain and mate returned on board about four o'clock in the afternoon, retired to the cabin, lay down and fell asleep on the transom.—Walpole then put as many of the pistols in his belt as it would hold, and laid the remainder in rows on the transom. He then took deliberate aim at the Captain and Mate. One ball entered the groin and the other the lower part of the abdomen. He next turned round and shot Mr. Smith, the mate through the heart, who died without a struggle. Proceeding to the deck, Walpole fired and severely wounded John Growing, the carpenter, "I have killed two and will kill every white man on board." Hearing this, and the report of the pistol, John Berry, a seaman, rushed forward to close with Walpole, who retreated and fled into the cabin, and as Berry was descending the steps, he fired at him, but fortunately the ball passed over Berry's head and lodged in the deck. Berry then succeeded in seizing Walpole by the throat and throwing him on the floor. While thus prostrate he again fired, but without effect. At this moment one of the crew on deck handed a pistol through the skylight to Berry, who caught it and blew out the murderer's brains.

Walpole in his frenzy declared that he would be revenged; that no man should be captain but himself, and that if this could not otherwise be effected, he would kill every white man on board. That he would then go to the island of Bonney, get a crew, take in a cargo of slaves, and proceed to the Havana. He had previously secured all the gold and valuables in the vessel.

Captain Howard is in a very feeble state, the balls not having yet been extracted, and it is feared he will lose the use of his legs. The Texas is now at anchor at Quarantine. Ib.

Foreign Vagrants.—The wharves in the lower part of the city, and the streets near them, are overrun with swarms of German and Swiss women and children, who must subsist principally by depredations on merchandise of various kinds, while exposed in situations accessible to them. On Monday, while a cargo of Sugar and Coffee was in progress of being discharged on one of the piers near Old Slip, surrounded as usual by a crowd of these annoyances, it was discovered that several of the sugar boxes, after being placed on the pier, had been broken open at the ends and a considerable portion of their contents abstracted.—A quantity of coffee was likewise found to have been filched in the same way. Police officers were sent for, who succeeded in capturing and conveying to the office about 20 vagrants of various ages. A good portion of Monday afternoon was spent in the examination by means of an interpreter, by which, however, satisfactorily appeared the actual thieves in this instance had made their escape previous to the arrival of the officers; and that the prisoners were innocent. They were accordingly discharged. One of the women named an individual perfectly acquainted with the most adroit of this class of thieves, *frowne* made it her business to keep a constant look-out at the wharves for the arrival of ships with cargoes suitable for plunder. It is stated that many of these ignorant creatures are hired pilferers, being deluded by their employers, with the idea that as this is a land of liberty, they may carry on this species of depredations with impunity. Should this prove true, it is to be presumed that the guilty will not elude the vigilance of the Police. N. Y. Enq.

The four Convicts, who infested this county about three weeks since, committing depredations, much to the annoyance of our farmers, have all happily been retaken.—The manner of the capture of three of them, will be found in a humorous article which we have copied from the Commonwealth. It has pleased the editor to be quite witty, if not sarcastic, at the expense of our citizens. It is true that the consternation was not a little, though we think Mr. Brown has given it too high a colouring in order to indulge his fanciful mood; we are disposed to countenance exaggeration where it produces such flashes of wit and excellent humor, as abound in this article, notwithstanding.

Fox was arrested in Columbus, Ohio, and at the date of our information, had taken up his quarters in the Penitentiary of that State.

Versailles, Ky. Adr.

From the Commonwealth.

Three of the prisoners who escaped from the [Kentucky] Penitentiary on the 1st instant have been retaken and brought back to the institution. Fox is the only one now at large.

The circumstances attending the capture of these convicts were remarkable, considering the character of the convicts for determined bravery & lawless violence. Although all three made resistance, yet no one engaged in securing them received the slightest injury. The convicts continued to

gather for several days after their escape, loitering about in the county of Woodford, and by a judicious change in position each day, they evaded pursuit. At night they would pay some substantial yeoman a visit, place a guard around his house, and self-invited, fare sumptuously upon all that the hospitable host could provide. On one occasion, the gentleman at whose house these distinguished guests were regaling, contrived to send word to Versailles that he was in a state of siege. The messenger rode furiously into the village, alarming the slumbering citizens with a cry almost as terrible as that of "Indians." On the instant each sleeping man was roused—there was a "hurrying to and fro," and "mounting in hot haste," and the deep bell gave "peal on peal after." There were "sudden partings"—the steed and mustering squadron pressing forward with impetuous speed—the fair, the ever-gentle fair, whispering with white lips—"the foe! they come—they come!" The dread guns—counterfeits of Jove's thunder—bellowed in the air, and at last "fired with the fierce native valor which instills the stirring memory of a thousand years," "each horseman drew his battle blade, and furious every charger neighed," rushing to overwhelm like an avalanche the unsuspecting convicts! But, unfortunately, their notes of preparation had been heard afar—they had so "exceed the drowsy ear of night" that silence had departed, and long before they arrived at the point of attack—the enemy had supped, had drunk to the health of the corporation, and had gone their way rejoicing—and perhaps laughing too! The surprise, to be sure, was badly conducted, but then it must be remembered that both parties were surprised—if the business had been quietly done, success would have attended the undertaking, and four hundred dollars would have been the reward. However, the next time, the thing will be better managed, as practice makes perfect.

The "gentlemen of the shade" thought that they had levied black mail enough from the people of Woodford—having been quartered in the county for several days, and resolved to divide and make good their escape from the country. Thornton and Stokes, struck into the mountainous region of Estill, while Maxine and Fox directed their course towards Cincinnati. They had all provided themselves with fine blooded horses, with pedigrees longer than Jacob's ladder, and were prepared for quick traveling. Their hair would not grow fast enough—otherwise they were well attired, and one of them has remarked that if they had known the extent of the tumult in Versailles, they would have rushed into the rooms of some old bachelor and suited themselves with the forsaken wigs and scratches. Thornton had to wear his penitentiary cap, and this led to his capture. He and Stokes were riding along quite socially, when they were met by three men, one of whom had a gun. Although these men had not heard of the break from the prison, they did not like the suspicious appearance of Paul Clifford's pupils, and requested them to stop and explain.—Not being in the mood for explanations, they would give no reasons upon compulsion, but agreed to make simultaneous charge upon their opponents. Stokes went through in gallant style, but most ungallantly keeps on, paying no heed to his comrade. Thornton was not so fortunate. In attempting to evade the blow aimed at him by the man who had the gun, he necessarily leaned very much to one side of his horse, and it being a spirited animal, gave a spring which brought his rider within arm's length of the mountaineers, who seized him by the arm and dragged him to the ground. The three then closed in, and Thornton was again a prisoner. He had drawn his knife in the *melee* but could make no use of it. Stokes, being unacquainted with the country rushed over a precipice by which he lost his horse and fractured several of his own ribs; but as he was not closely pursued, or if pursued had got his pursuers on a wrong track, he laid quiet until night, when he found his way to a stable and stole a traveler's horse. He made his calculations to travel a great way before day break, and by these means get entirely out of the reach of followers.—He rode all night though weak and exhausted—and as the day dawned he expected to find himself in a far off region, but to his infinite dismay, the first object which he saw was the identical stable from which he had stolen the horse, and the farmer up and on horse back on the look for the stolen animal. Here was evidently no time for chat—and the horse too tired to run. In this dilemma Stokes took to the woods, but being somewhat crippled he was soon overtaken by the farmer, who followed boldly and rushed upon him notwithstanding Stokes threatened to shoot—the terrible weapon turned out to be a crooked black stick, and Mr. Stokes was taken by a single man—such is the fate of war, and so uncertain is glory.

MAYHE and Fox succeeded in reaching Cincinnati without interruption—the unsettled region through which they passed, giving them every facility for concealment. Maythe being well known in the city, crossed the river in a skiff, while Fox went over in the boat with the horses. Maythe's extreme caution in this particular led to his apprehension, for he was recognized by the man who rowed the skiff, and very soon after his arrival, the police were informed of his being in the city. He had taken his horse to his father's house, and left him at the door in charge of a little brother. In a very few moments his brother ran into the house informing him that he was surrounded. As quick as thought, Maythe rushed to the door—sprang upon the back of his horse and charged through a throng of men, and a shower of missiles of every description. He passed the gauntlet unhurt, but was closely pursued by several men on horse back—he soon left all behind as he was mounted upon a superior, high mettled Kentucky charger. One individual however, kept on his trail, and after some time came up with him—Maythe and he threatened each other with death, but neither had weapons, and Maythe being on the fleetest horse kept ahead. Ever and anon these interesting colloquies would take place, and be terminated by a hard race, in which the Kentucky horse always held the lead. In this manner the race was kept up thirty-eight miles, and Maythe was at last taken in an attempt to "double."—He had crossed a bridge, the gates of which were open; in taking the back track he had to re-cross the bridge, and as his pursuer was making a run at him he was at the top of his speed. The bridge keeper hearing the racket ran out and shut the gate—Maythe knowing nothing of this—came full tilt against it—his horse was knocked down and himself ran into a cornfield, where he was taken after a most obstinate resistance. On being asked why he had not abandoned his horse and taken across the

country, he declared with a beautiful dash of sentiment, "that he could not think of trying with such a fine animal."—The end of the whole matter can be seen by a visit to the Penitentiary.—The three "larks" are most beautifully festooned with iron drapery in the shape of rings, belts and carvings—side pieces—with large blocks, acting as balance wheels to the rest of the machinery—and, for their frolicsome airing, they will have some years added to their respective terms. No one has heard of Fox since he entered Cincinnati, but without some miraculous interposition of the protecting saint of thieves, he will, ere long, be again safely housed.

From the Journal of Commerce.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30, 1833.

My good old friend—Ever since we got "the Government" back here from the Rip Raps, we have been as busy as if we was all on us cocking hay just afore a shower.

Tell'd you some time ago that I and the General was fitted and jointing the beams and rafters of the message, but almost every day some play new notion comes in from Mr. Van Buren, and some other of our folks, and we have to chizzle new mortices and run new braces and string pieces, so that I begin to think it will look curious enuf when its done. The General says he dont care how it fronts, only he is determined to show a sharp corner to Nullifiers. We shall have a good deal to say about the *Grand Tower*; there is nothing since the 8th of January at New-Orleans tickles the General half so much. Every time we talk about it, the General gets right up, and says he, "Major, I only wish I was fifty years younger, and then," says he, "give me the Yankees east of Horse Neck, and I'd like no better sport than to have nullification all over the rest of creation."

When things don't go right, and the General gets a little wrath, I only tell him the Yankees are ready to back him, he is as firm as granite. It would make you crawl all over to read that letter we writ to France, when we come to hear that the King there kinder shuffled round that bill we drew on him. "He wont pay it, wont he?" says he—"Major, what do you think of that?" "Why," says I, "General, I think its a nasty mean action—and a darnation rascally one, too," says I. "Well," says he, "that's enuf," and then we writ the letter—its just like Zekil Bigelow's speech—it cuts, shaves, and makes the hair fly—and if it don't bring the money, I'm mistaken.

If Mr. Livingston had stayed one week longer in York, the General was for sending me right out, and Captain Junner was jist gittin the "Two Polies" ready to take me.

The most curious part of 'the Government, here is to manage the office seekers. You see, things aint now as they were afore Mr. Van Buren's time; then it was kinder divided round among the Departments.

The Post Master General appinted all the Post-Masters, and their folks. The Secretary of the Treasury appinted all the folks in the Custom Houses, and all the folks who collected money. These two had an everlastin batch of fellers to appoint, and made them feel pretty considerable big, and then the War Secretary had a good slice in appointing the Cadets and Ingen Agents, and all the contracts was kinder sifted round among the Departments; and so by the time a new President was to be made, some of these Secretaries was a lectle bigger than the President himself. Now this is the way they kinder jockeyed Mr. Adams, who got to be the smallest man at Washington, by letting other folks plant his corn, and do his huskin; and afore he know'd it, his own fields was all in weeds and theirs howed, rich, and clean as a whistle.

But things aint so now, we've got only one crib, and that's a whappin one, too, and only one deer to it; and when we shell out our corn, we take good care and know well who gets it, and where he is going to plant it; and that aint all—we make 'em agree about the *Huskin Frolic*, for that's the best on't arter all.

The longer I am in "the Government," the more I larn. But I must allow, that of all the inventions I've hearn on of Mr. Van Buren's, this is about the slickest.

There is only one thing wantin, and that he is trying for, pretty hard—and that is the Bank. If he can only git that in the crib, too, Virginny fences wouldnt stop our cattle.

Only think what an everlastin raft of fellows we should have—all the Presidents and Cashiers, and Clerks, and Money Counters, about the crib, from Downingville to New-Orleans!—and that aint the best on't; we would have a branch alongside every post-office to keep our postage safe.

I should like this well enuf if I was sartin I and the General and Mr. Van Buren was to be here all the while, to keep a good look out on the crib door. But the General talks of going hum to put the Hermitage to rights; and I am in the notion that Congress is a lectle too strong for "the Government," when the General aint in it—and I shall go with him. I am most fagged out myself, and I begin to think with the General, I've done enuf for the country.

We are looking for Amos Kindle now every hour. He writ the General, 'tother day, and tell'd him my "Bank Report" warn't true, and that I must have got a loan from Squire Biddle. Now that is jist the way with some folks. What they don't know they guess at; and its jist so with old Miss Crane, who keeps the tavern this side Downingville—jist as sure as any one goes by without stopping, the old critter says "there goes so and so, and has got no money too; and he knows I wouldn't trust him."

Howsomever, no one can make the General wrath with me. He knows I am the best friend about him; whenever they get things in any kind of a twist, or a snarl, says he, "Major, do you unravel that, I'm the big wheel, and you are the smasher," says he; and then we jist give Peleg Bissel's churn a turn or two, and all is right.

You dont print my letters right—you git some words wrong, and spell 'em most infernally. Jist so the printers saved the General's letters, too; and folks thought he didn't know nothin, till we got to Cambridge, where they made a doctor on him.

Your friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

Mr. Garrison, in a late letter from London, states that he published in the London Times, a notice, making less than three squares, for which he paid about thirty dollars, that being the regular charge. In no country in the world are the charges for papers and advertising so reasonable as in the United States.